



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip From Washington



It is not generally known that the mild natured, genial senator from Mississippi, John Sharp Williams, was once a participant in a duel. Nevertheless he was, and a principal at that. The affaire d'honneur occurred while the present statesman was a student at Heidelberg university, in Germany. In some way he offended one of his fellow students and was promptly challenged. As sabers were the weapons de rigueur, according to the code, the challenger was greatly disturbed when John Sharp, being the challenged person and having the choice of weapons, chose United States army revolvers. In fact, he was so upset that when the meeting came off he missed his opponent by several yards. Whereupon John Sharp calmly shot his weapon into the air and shook hands.

Den Tillman, senator from South Carolina, once the fiercest radical in congress, but now in old age a gentle spirit, finds his tastes back to the simple life. The pleasures of the table in which he once indulged are now barred by a limited diet and one meal a day. "Where can I get a good chicken?" plaintively asked the senator. "The kind we used to get out in the barnyard—a tender, yellow legged pullet. The doctor says I must eat chicken, but the stringy skeletons of ancient fowls bought here in Washington are an abomination. I want some fried chicken, tender and tasty. I suppose I must go back to South Carolina to get it."



Photo by American Press Association. SENATOR TILLMAN.

Vice President Marshall's first days in office brought him been disappointment because his official rooms were so open to the public that he had to sit in dignified state behind his desk. "An Indiana lawyer has to get his feet up on the desk in order to think," he is quoted as saying. So now he has added two sequestered office rooms in the senate office building, where he can "think" in peace and quietude.

Senator Bristow of Kansas has a buzzsaw temperament that runs to keen sarcasm and biting comment. The only way his fellow senators can get back at him is to mention golf. Bristow is a whale of a driver. He can send the ball off the tee 200 yards or more with a wonderful swing. But that is all. "I'm never scared, even when Bristow drives the green," said his senatorial opponent, "because it is certain that he will take four or five puts to run down the hole. He's always strong on the start, but there is usually a long wait for the finish."



Photo by American Press Association. SENATOR BRISTOW.

They are carrying economy to its uttermost limits in congress. The old time embossed stationery is gone; gone are the messieurs who once were wont to aid tired senators in the marble senate bathroom to reach a state somewhat resembling coolness during the heated term, and vanished also are many other little things which made for the comfort and convenience of the nation's lawmakers. What seems to be the last straw, however, is the substitution of Potomac river water for the spring water that once used to refresh the thirsty in the capitol. And the worst of it is, it is put in the same bottles which once held the other variety, and few are able to detect the difference.

Today's Short Story

A Plot That Failed

SEVERAL young men were sitting around a table in the cafe of a club in New York. Some one introduced the subject of matrimony in order to start Ocker Hartsough gabbling, for being a woman hater, and, possessing a vein of dry humor, he invariably waxed entertaining on marriage. He was especially caustic on this occasion and kept the party in a roar of laughter.

The next topic was as to the time required to make a journey around the globe. This occasioned an animated discussion which led to a bet between Hartsough and Foster Conant of a box at the opera for the coming season that Hartsough would make the trip in sixty-eight days.

Hartsough left the next day at noon and, meeting with no delays, arrived at San Francisco with time to spare to reach New York before the close of the sixty-eighth day, which ended at 12 o'clock noon.

When the traveler reached Chicago, he had two days in which to make the distance to New York. He left Chicago on a Thursday morning and was not due at his club till Saturday noon. In the parlor car sat a young lady dressed in a fashionable traveling costume. She sent the porter to him to ask if he was Mr. Hartsough of New York. Upon his reply that he was she sent him her card.

"Miss Ethelwyn Wheawill," Hartsough joined her, raised his hat deferentially and waited for an explanation. The girl's face broke into a delicious flush as she said:

"My aunt, Mrs. Clinton, telegraphed me that you would be on this train. Knowing that I dread traveling alone, she suggested that you might consent to take me under your charge."

"Mrs. Alexander Clinton of—Madison avenue?"

"Yes."

"I know her very well. She has placed me under an obligation in giving me so charming a traveling companion."

Miss Wheawill knew of his bet, and Hartsough gallantly told her that in

case he won it he would beg the honor of her acceptance of the box for the season. This offer occasioned a sudden cessation of that liveliness with which she was attracting him. However, this passed off, and the twenty hours of the journey seemed to Hartsough but so many minutes. Mrs. Alexander Clinton met them at the Grand Central station with her carriage and insisted on Hartsough driving home with them to dinner, an invitation he was only too glad to accept. After dinner he was left with Miss Wheawill, and at 11 o'clock he requested the butler to call a carriage. Mrs. Clinton insisted on his remaining in the house for the night, and he consented.

He had no sooner entered his room than he heard the sound of a key turned from the outside. Trying the door, he found it locked.

"Tricked!" he cried, starting. Meanwhile a party of men at the club, who had had an intimation from one of their number that something was in the wind, had met, eager for news. Tom Bond entered and reported that Hartsough was under lock and key.

It was 10 o'clock the next morning when Hartsough heard a tap at his prison door.

"It's I, Mr. Hartsough."

"Miss Wheawill?"

"Yes. I am very much ashamed of the part I have taken, though it was all your fault. My cousin, Tom Bond, heard your strictures on woman and your bet. I bet him the price of a theater party that I would delay you."

"I'm! There's time for repentance. It's only 10 o'clock. I'm due at the club at 12."

"I'd lose my bet."

"I'll take care of that and keep my promise about the opera box."

The door was unlocked, and the prisoner spent an hour in the drawing room with his jailer.

At 11:55, as the gentlemen at the club were waiting for the stroke of 12 to celebrate, in walked Hartsough. There was bland astonishment on every face.

"How did you get out?" asked Bond.

"By bribery. The lady who trapped me will have the use of the box I have won."

"Yes, and she'll have you, too," said Bond with heat. "The mix not only bet me she would delay you, but that she'd make you propose to her."

Hartsough flamed to the roots of his hair.

"By thunder! She's won that bet already."

VACATION DON'TS FOR THE UNWARY.

Don't read on the beach unless shaded by an umbrella. The glare on the sand is bad for the eyes.

Don't stare out at sea too long if the sun is shining on the waves; also bad for eyes and may create nausea if the digestion is weak.

Don't sit on damp sand under the impression that salt water dampness cannot hurt. The woman who carries a yard or so of thin rubber sheeting in her hand bag will save herself stiff bones and rheumatism and not find it burdensome.

Don't haunt that part of the beach where the "salty" smell of the ocean is strongest. It probably means decaying vegetation somewhere near or possibly surface drainage from some nearby cottage.

Don't fall to rinse your hair free of salt water after bathing. It will save terror of baldness and hair-dressing bills in the fall. Also don't fail to dry your hair well if you do not want neuralgia or a bad cold in the head.

Don't be foolhardy in your tramps. Remember that nothing is more trying than to have a party of good climbers kept back by a weakling. Know your strength and gauge your distances accordingly. If you take walks that overtake you all good in them is lost.

Don't be foolhardy on mountain streams or lakes. Nothing is so treacherous as sudden rough water on apparently placid lakes. If you cannot swim never go in a canoe or boat without a good swimmer with you, and even then a life preserver will be a comfort.

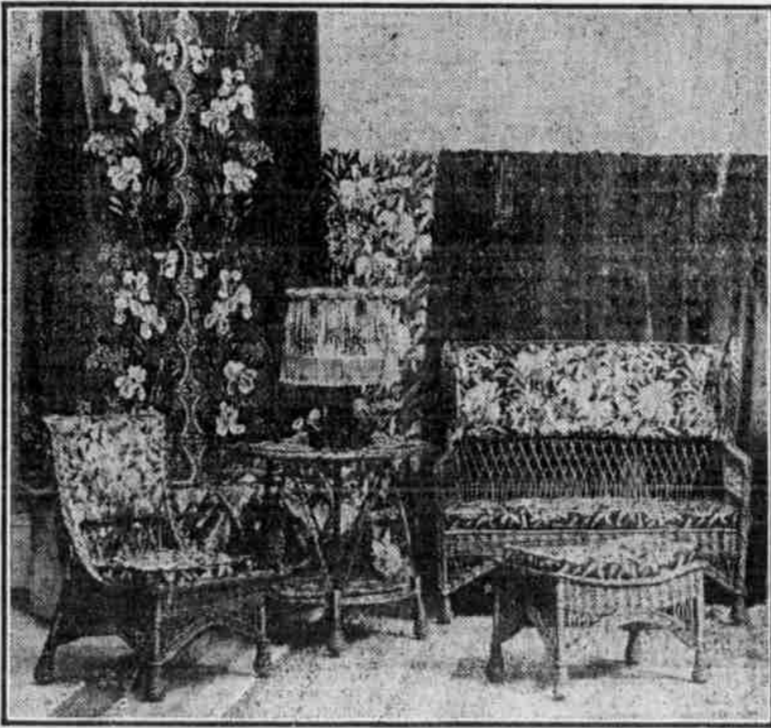
Don't go to the mountains without a sweater and don't fail to take it out with you on your tramps, on the water, on drives, and have it convenient for morning and evening use. Like a salt water cold, one taken in the mountains sticks long.

THE VOGUE OF THE SASH.

This season brings the apotheosis of the sash. It is used on every type of costume, from the lingerie frock of embroidery to the carriage wrap of satin, and sashes are tied everywhere—just below the bust, around the waist, over the hips and at the knee. The ultra fashionable sash at the moment, however, is the hip sash. Many striking costumes worn at Auteuil and at Longchamps recently have shown wide, soft sashes of black satin draped over the hips, with flat ends falling either at the front or at the back. A most interesting wrap worn at Auteuil recently was very wide and loose across the shoulders, but tapered to a close fit at the hips. About four inches above the lower edge of the wrap and directly over the widest part of the hips was a sash of black satin, drooping at the back and falling to the ankles—far below the edge of the short wrap—in heavily weighted ends. The wrap was also of black satin and was embroidered richly over the shoulders in an oriental design done in red, blue and orange threads, the embroidered pattern tapering into a narrow panel at the back of the garment and the sharp point of the panel reaching to the drooping knot of the sash.

Two gowns worn by manikins at Longchamps showed the ideas of famous designers in regard to the fashionable sash. These pretty manikins kept close together, presumably because they were friends—not because the rival couturiers so willed it—and, as it happened, one costume was an excellent foil for the other. One gown had a draped skirt of Chinese blue crepe de chine, over which hung a queer little peplum frill of cream net embroidered with huge Chinese hieroglyphics in dull blue. The surplice bodice was of the crepe de chine with a saucer shaped motif in flesh pink and rose embroidery over each bust and returning frills of platted white net within the V shaped neck opening. A very broad sash of white moire silk encircled the waist above the lace peplum and was raised high at the center front to meet the V of lace frilling, a pink and white cameo pin holding it in place.

Attractive Willow Furniture



ENTIRE sets of willow furniture whose simple lines suggest the favorite mission style are sold in the shops. Illustrated here are a chair, a settle, a taboret, a round table and a wicker lamp. Cretonne covered cushions make the chair and settle comfortable. Cretonne is used also for the shade on the lamp. Furniture of this sort is increasing in popularity not only for the summer porch or bungalow, but for the all the year home. It has many advantages over heavier articles.

HAVE YOU OBSERVED—

That heels of Dresden china are among the latest eccentricities of fashion? These heels are worn in the evening with foot apparel which has silk or satin uppers.

That the futurist patterns are those that combine a number of vivid colors in an irregular geometric design—a compliment to the new school of artists whose exhibition was viewed with so much curiosity last winter?

That brocaded pique, which comes in wide or narrow wale, with a pattern of brocaded sprays over the pique background, makes handsome coats and dresses for children, also trimmings or vests for women's linen dresses, and is used for tailored wash skirts?

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Cold raw starch will take out blood stains.

Hydrochloric acid takes out iron rust.

Lard and olive oil are the best remedies for brass stains.

Perspiration marks can be removed by applying lemon juice and salt and leaving the blemish exposed to the sunshine.

Ether and chloroform are remedies for iodine stains.

Ammonia and water will usually make grass stains disappear.

When this is not effective try soapuds with a little bicarbonate of soda. Molasses and alcohol are also effective.

A sprig of fresh mint in the cup of afternoon tea, hot or cold, is liked by many persons. A spoonful of fruit sherbet in iced tea is delicious.

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